

*The history*

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yeeld,  
To sinowy *Aiax*, I will not praithe thy wisdome,  
Which like a boord: a pale, a shore confines  
This spaciouſe and dilated parts, here's *Nestor*,  
Inſtructed by the antiquary times:  
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe,  
But pardon father *Nestor* were your daies  
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine ſo temper'd,  
You ſhould not haue the emynence of him,  
But be as *Aiax*. *Aiax*. Shall I call you father?

*Nest.* I my good Sonne.

*Di. m.* Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

*Ulyſſ.* There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*,  
Keepes thicket, pleaſe it our great generall,  
To call together all his ſtate of warre,  
Freſh Kings are come to Troy, To morrow  
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt,  
And here's a Lord come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt  
And call their flower, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.

*Ag.* Go we to counſell, let *Achilles* ſleepe,  
Light boates faile ſwift, though greater hulkes draw deepe.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*(Exeunt.)*

*Pan.* Friend you, pray you a word, doe you not follow the  
yong Lord *Paris*. *Man.* I ſir when he goes before mee.

*Pan.* You depend vpon him I meane.

*Man.* Sir I do depend vpon the Lord.

*Pan.* You depend vpon a notable gentleman I muſt needs  
praiſe him.

*Man.* The Lord be praiſed?

*Pan.* You know me? doe you noſ?

*Man.* Faith ſir ſuperſicially.

*Pan.* Friend know mee better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

*Man.* I hope I ſhall know your honour better?

*Pan.* I do deſire it.

*Man.* You are in the ſtate of grace?

*Pan.* Grace? not ſo friend, honour and Lordſhip are my ti-  
tles, what muſicke is this?

*Man.* I do but partly know ſir, it is muſick in partes.

*Pan.*

*of Troilus and C*

*Pan.* Know you the muſicians?

*Man.* Wholy ſir. *Pan.*

*Man.* To the hearers ſir.

*Pan.* At whoſe pleaſure friends?

*Man.* At mine ſir, and theirs.

*Pan.* Command I meane:

*Man.* Who ſhall I command?

*Pan.* Friend we vnderſtand not  
ly and thou to cunning, at whoſe

*Man.* That's to't indeed ſir? ma  
ris my Lord, who is there in per  
*Venus*, the heart bloud of beaut

*Pan.* Who my cozen *Creſſida*.

*Man.* No ſir, *Hellen*, could not y  
tributes.

*Pan.* It ſhould ſeeme fellow th  
*Creſſid* I come to ſpeake with *Pa*  
*lus*. I will make a complement  
buſineſſe ſeeth's.

*Man.* Sodden buſineſſe, theirs

*Enter Paris and*

*Pan.* Faire be to you my Lord, a  
faire deſires in all faire meaſure fa  
to you faire Queene faire though

*Hel.* Dere Lord you are full of f

*Pan.* You ſpeake your faire plea  
Faire Prince here is good broken

*Par.* You haue broke it cozen  
make it whole againe, you ſhall  
your performance. *Nel.* he is full

*Pan.* Truly Lady no: *Hel.*

*Pan.* Rude in ſooth, in good ſoc

*Paris.* Well ſaid my Lord, well,

*Pan.* I haue buſineſſe to my Lo  
will you vouchſafe me a word.

*Hel.* Nay this ſhall not hedge  
certainly:

*Par.* Well ſweete Queene you